



do a dance

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do a dance by jayyxx

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Summary:

Eddie Kaspbrak plays dress up.

do a dance

Author's Note:

uh i wrote this in 10 mins on my phone notes cuz i was having some feels™ about eddie and bev being gay best friends and sharing clothes. bye.

"I don't know. I always get like this when I'm on my period." States Beverly Marsh, tucked into her comforter reading a big book that has far too many pages for Eddie to be interested in.

Eddie rolls his eyes. "Gross." He flops back against her bed.

She groans. "It's not gross, *Eddie*." She draws out his name, rolling her eyes as her book falls to her chest. "It's the human body."

"Still gross." Eddie proclaims, eyeing her. She smirks while rolling her eyes again, and picking up her book again.

"Are we going soon?" To meet the other losers, she means.

"Yeah." Eddie tells her, sitting up against the wall.

Bev nods. "Okay. Will you go get me a dress?"

Eddie looks at her with his head tilted.

"From the closet. Go on, I don't wanna get up yet." She instructs, waving him off, trying to finish the last couple pages of this chapter.

Lazy girl, Eddie thinks, but doesn't say anything. He gets up and pulls open her closet door like the good pal he is. "Which one?"

Bev is busy with her book. "I don't care. Pick the prettiest one."

Eddie runs his hands through the clothes. He likes closets like this, where you can see all the clothes all hung up. His own is just a dresser, where he can only see a couple shirts at a time. His eyes fall to a purple one near the end, and he pulls it out. It is pretty; tee-shirt style, flowy with small yellow flowers covering the front, not that

Eddie has ever had an eye for fashion.

He shows it to her, but she's not paying attention.

He rolls his eyes and brings it up to the mirror. For some reason, he holds the hanger up to his neck and as the dress fall against his body. He tilts his mouth.

"That's so *old*," she tells him, only having looked up for a second. "It'll be too short. I've been meaning to clean out that dammed closet."

Eddie swings it around his knees. "How's it look on me?" He asks, trying to act like he's not embarrassed of himself.

Bev physically peels her eyes away from the book, and looks at him. She smiles, "awh! You really are a cutie."

He groans. She really had to ruin it. He goes to put it back on the hook when she stops him. "Try it on!"

What?

He must say this aloud, because she explains; "well it'll be too short on me, so it'll just get thrown away anyways. So if it fits you, you can have it."

Eddie's confused. Why would he want a dress?

"Plus, purple is totally your colour." She adds and it sounds like something Richie would say. Ugh.

He holds it back up to his chest, and he suddenly *really* wants to try it on.

"Really?"

Bev looks up.

"It's not... weird?"

Bev looks back down. "It's just clothes, dude."

Eddie tips his mouth in thought.

Then, he puts the dress on the floor, and reaches behind his head to pull off his shirt. He exchanges the shirt for the dress, and pulls it off the hanger and over his head. He fits it down over his chest, and it flows down to his knees. He pulls off his shorts now that he's covered by the other garment and kicks them in the general direction of his shirt.

Before he really checks himself out, he checks Bev, who --to his relief-- hasn't looked up from her book at all.

He stands in front of the mirror and takes himself in. Huh. Maybe he's over thinking this. Maybe it really is *just clothes*.

It looks like a long shirt. If it wasn't purple with flowers on it he could probably wear it with some jeans and call it a day.

He swishes it around and it feels funny against his thighs. He kinda likes it. It's sad he can't wear it out, because it sure is hot outside, and this feels a lot better than his outfit before.

Bev's book booms shut. "Did you find me one too?" She asks, smirking, setting the book on the bedside dresser.

Eddie feels his cheeks heat. Oh jeez...

She comes over to him, between him and the mirror, and puts a hand on her chin. She then pulls the dress back and straightens it on Eddie's shoulders.

"Yup. Fits you better than me." She says with a smile, and turns to find herself a dress, a brown one with a tie in the centre.

Eddie looks down at himself, goes to pick up his clothes to pull them back on.

"Can... Can I actually have it?"

Bev turns at his question. She pulls off her tee shirt and puts the dress over it, same way Eddie did. She pulls off her sweat pants and kicks them into the closet. He doesn't even have to pretend to look away. He's so distracted within himself he doesn't even pay attention until she steps back to look him over. "Sure." She smiles.

Eddie feels the redness in his face, but pushes it away. He picks up his clothes from the floor and arranges them to put them back on.

"C'mon. We're gonna be late." She reminds him, and leaves the room.

Eddie Kasbrak is left standing alone in Beverly Marsh's room, in one of her old dresses. He's not sure how he feels about any of this, so he changes quickly, rolling the dress and tucking it under his arm, and running to catch up with her.

He'll think about it later.

Author's Note:

i had such a great responds to my last it fic i'm sure i will be popping out more. what can i say, i'm a slut for kudos.

still trying to learn how to write these kids. idk. i'm working on it. lemme know your thoughts.

i'm [ghostycas](#) on tumblr. lets chat!